

CLASSIFIED ADS

Ads in this column, one cent per word each insertion, and no ad taken for less than 25 cents.

B. B. Lane, General Blacksmithing, wagon repairing. I also pay the highest cash price for broken down spring wagons. Hermiston, Oregon.

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Remember that J. Hutchens carries a neat stock of high grade groceries, confectionery, cigars, etc., and sells at the right price.

FOR SALE.

Buy legal blanks at the Echo Register office.

Are you sending the Register to your friends?

FOR SALE.

Old newspapers for sale at this office, 25 cents per 100.

L. B. Wells keeps a fine assortment of post cards.

If you have any old thing to haul, see Wm. Pearson, proprietor of the Red Express Wagon.

Medicine and condition powders for stock. Aids digestion and this saves feed. Bonney & Sons' Saddlery.

Go to J. Hutchens for your groceries.

Typewriter ribbons for sale at the Register office.

Steamed rolled barley, at the Henrietta Mills. Farmers please take notice. This method softens the gluten and retains the same, greatly increasing the food value a barley.

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Perfect Time



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DISPOSSESSED.

The New Owner Secured More Than the Old Home.

By JUANITA ALVAREZ.

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It was early in the morning—so early, in fact, that the dew stood in big, opalescent drops on hedge and blossom.

Marjorie ran quickly up the short flight of stone steps. She stood for an instant, her breath coming and going in a little jerky fashion. She thrust a cold hand into her bag and fumbled tremulously for her latchkey. A second and her trepidation had passed. The high paneled door yielded instantly, swinging noiselessly back on its hinges.

Marjorie drew a long breath of satisfaction as she glanced down at the familiar things at her feet, the rich old rugs of oriental pattern scattered here and there among the high backed chairs; the masterpieces hung sus-



"I HAVE SUCCEEDED," HE SAID QUIETLY.

pendent from the walls, the statuary just where it had stood on the night she went away.

With a deep drawn sigh of relief Marjorie threw herself into a chair to rest and collect herself before proceeding to her own room.

After all, she reflected, it was a whole lot better to be at home with one's own people than to be sticking it out alone somewhere else, whatever the temptation or inducement. She had stuck it out and won. Others had tried the same thing and lost. The result was pretty near the same in any event, she argued, flushed now with the more joy of her homecoming.

She wondered vaguely if her parents could by any possibility fail to forgive the waywardness which had taken her away to do battle, single handed, in the great world of need and struggle? The parting had been very bitter, so bitter that she tried not to recall it any oftener than she was forced to. The surprise, the triumphant results she was bringing home to them, would they compensate for her disobedience?

During the two months just passed she had heard little or nothing from either of them in her continued passage from place to place. Had she confided the real motive behind her desperate ambition things might have been different, but there are some soul secrets too dear and too sacred almost to be held in communion with one's own thoughts.

All at once a whole army of clocks began to strike 6, and innumerable whistles in every key shrieked a peremptory warning of the hour.

Marjorie started from her reveries in alarm and, quietly crossing the length of the hallway, moved up the deep carved and carpeted staircase.

The door of her sitting room stood ajar, and she entered noiselessly, depositing her bag and parcel on the familiar little spider legged table that held the student's lamp. Then she threw herself down into the old fashioned rocker that stood invitingly near and began to draw off her gloves. For the moment a rush of feeling dimmed her eyes so that she could not see. But in a little while she pulled herself together and glanced about critically, noting that nothing apparently had been disturbed. Everything was just as she was accustomed to have it—every picture, every book.

She bent toward the reading table with a sudden heart throb. There lay a fresh supply of the current periodicals, a newspaper or so, a paper knife she was sure she had never seen before and a half smoked cigar.

"Poor, dear papa," sighed Marjorie, with a little tremulous smile, "he will forgive me, after all. He must have cared very much to do this. I'm afraid I wounded him more deeply than I dreamed." She put forth her hand in a mechanical fashion and lifted the paper knife from the table, touching it softly with caressing fingers. It was just a common little affair of steel and ivory, but two initials showed roughly on the handle, as though carved there in some absent moment—"R. L."

"Richard Lassiter!" Marjorie's lips unconsciously framed the words. She looked up, half frightened, and glanced about her quickly.

Almost at the moment the door leading into her room was pushed open softly from the other side, and Richard

Lassiter himself stood on the threshold.

"Miss Winthrop?" Marjorie was on her feet in an instant, pale, embarrassed, bewildered. For once in her life all self control had abandoned her. She took an unsteady step forward, groping with one hand before her for support.

"I'm awfully sorry," began Lassiter apologetically. "There has in all probability been some mistake. I thought you knew."

Marjorie regarded him half dazed. "My father and mother," she broke in appealingly, "what has become of them?"

"They are perfectly safe and well. I can assure you of that much. As soon as possible—as is practicable—I shall send you to them. Your father speculated heavily. He was unfortunate, but he did not lose everything," he went on, answering the unspoken question in her eyes. "A long expected lift from fortune made me independent, placed me where I am—here."

When he looked down Marjorie was crying softly, the tears slipping down her cheeks and splashing unheeded on her hands.

"When I learned that the place was for sale," proceeded Lassiter after a silence, "I wanted more than anything else in the world to come here to live. It seemed like—well, like being nearer to you, somehow. You don't mind me saying this, Mar—Miss Winthrop?"

Marjorie's tears had ceased suddenly. An exquisite tint of carnation had crept up slowly under her skin, and the lids closed over her eyes like pale white globes over blue lights. "I would rather it were you—than any one else—here," she replied presently in a low voice.

Something in her tone, in her manner and more than all in the swift avoidance of his eyes made Lassiter suddenly bold. He went and stood at the side of her chair, his hand resting on the back of it, his gaze, impassioned enough now, fixed on the shining brown waves of hair that intoxicated him with the delicate breath of perfume.

"Marjorie," he said hurriedly, "let me tell you—everything—now, won't you? It isn't the time nor the place perhaps, conventionally speaking, but I can't let you get away from me again. I think you must have known, dear, that I have always loved you—you did know it, didn't you? But you knew, too, that you were rich, while I was poor and that because of it my lips were sealed. But I was working night and day, day and night—working as no one ever could have worked before, for no one ever had so sweet and dear and precious an incentive—working to make myself worthy to ask you to be my wife."

He paused, out of breath from sheer emotion, the veins of his neck throbbing. He bent suddenly and took her hand in his.

Marjorie felt the quick quivering and yielding of her fingers and knew that with it was the giving up of her whole self.

Minutes passed and neither spoke. After awhile she glanced up, with a slow flush deepening vividly on her cheeks, and Lassiter broke the silence.

"I have succeeded," he said quietly. "Will you come back home, sweet-heart?"

Marjorie did not speak, but presently she lifted her other hand and gave that, too, into his keeping.

He Was Slow.

Lincoln used to be fond of telling a story of a lawyer who desired the nomination for county judge. On the morning preceding the evening on which the county convention was to meet he applied to the livery stable keeper in his village for a horse and buggy in which to drive to the county town, sixteen miles distant, where the convention was to be held. "Give me the best and the fastest horse you have, Sam," said he, "so that I will have time to go around and see the boys before the convention comes in."

The liveryman, however, was supporting a rival candidate and gave the lawyer a horse which outwardly appeared perfect, but which broke down entirely before half the journey was completed, so that when the candidate arrived the convention had adjourned and his rival had been nominated.

On his return to the stable late the following afternoon, knowing that it was useless to resent the trick played upon him, he said to the owner: "Look here, Smith, you must be training this horse for the New York market. You expect to sell him to an undertaker for a hearse horse, don't you? Well, it's time wasted. I know from his gait that you have spent days training him to pull a hearse, but he'll prove a dead failure. Why, he's so slow he couldn't get a corpse to the cemetery in time for the resurrection."

A Story of Dumas.

One day Alexandre Dumas visited Versailles and made a trip to the Chateau d'If to visit the palace he had helped to make famous. The guide showed him everything; also the subterranean passage by which Edmond Dantes and Abbe Faria used to visit each other. "This passage was dug by Abbe Faria by the aid of a fish bone," the guide explained. "M. Dumas tells about it in his story of 'Monte Cristo.'"

"Indeed!" replied the author. "Alexandre Dumas must be familiar with all the surroundings here. Perhaps you know him?"

"I should think so! He is one of my best friends."

"And you are one of his," replied the impulsive scribe, letting 2 louis d'or slip into the hand of the astonished guide.

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